

ONE OF THE FAIR

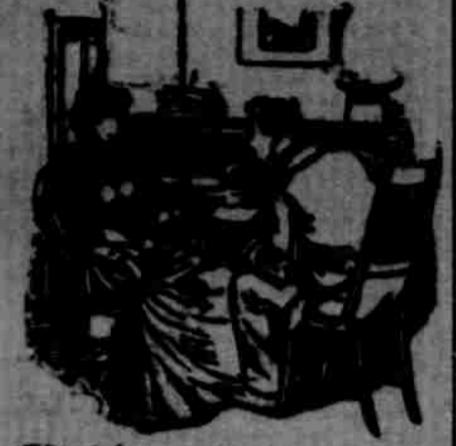
An Independent Lip Hardens the Feminine Heart.

ADVENTURES OF AN EXPLORER

In the Secret Places of a Woman's World
—The Bohemians at Her Ease and Leisure.

There is a certain restaurant in New York, where I almost never fail to over hear an interesting conversation. Sometimes it will be a valuable critique of my table manners by a couple of waiters; or, again, a typical sportsman-like business man will, in a voice so distinct an one of his own, advertise his latest actions, for getting something out of nothing, and leaving the proceeds in his wife's name before the law can get after him. On the occasion of my last visit, I listened to some anecdotes related by a young man of the Bohemian variety.

"Bohemian," I am told, once signified the union of genius and poverty, but the former is dead, and the latter is



"YOU CAN'T PAY FOR MY OWN DINNER."

more attractive as a widow. That this is true is shown by the fact that the Bohemian, according to his own theory, denied his poverty, whereas his predecessors of a generation or two ago would have been proud of it.

"I dined with Miss Robinson last evening," said the Bohemian. "You know her, I suppose?"

One of his companions said "Night."

"She's a writer," he continued. "Gets up special for the newspaper, and writes off some fashion stuff on ladies' questions. She's about twenty-eight, single, bright and independent of a man. She lives like a bachelor. Is wild and given herself to being a good sort of a Bohemian. She has enough feminine mystery to win respect, and enough masculine chutz to make a first-rate living. It's a rare combination, but I have faith to believe that it will prove common some day."

"The route o'clock in Raymond Clark's office. I dropped in there yesterday afternoon to give her the tip on an article I knew that she could sell. Afterward we got to talking of various matters, pretty 'low,' I regret to say. We made of magazine articles at \$250 a piece, and sold for \$20. This is a habit some of us fall into. I had \$1 saved in my pocket at the time. Somehow we swished off upon the subject of restaurants, and I mentioned one or two of the swell places where I have dined—by invitation. I spoke particularly of Blank's two-dollar table-frocks; told her how much I enjoyed dining there, and threw out what I regarded as a perfectly safe invitation that we dined together some day.

"She said she'd be glad to go that evening, and I came very near falling dead, because I'd just had to every man I knew in Newspaper Row, and hadn't been able to raise the price of a plate of griddle cakes. Doubtless she saw the panic written on my countenance for she immediately said: 'Of course I'll pay for my own dinner.'

I believe in the Philadelphia style of treating. You needn't get scared. I want you to come and have dinner with me, just as if I were a man."

"Then I told a lie. I don't remember what imaginary engagement I referred to, but it was something which would take me outside the city. I begged that she would put off our little dinner party for a day or two, and ridiculed the idea of a Philadelphia transplant. She didn't see any reason why I shouldn't ask even a man to dine with me if I wanted to, and said that I considered it much pleasanter that somebody should be the guest. Then I made my escape."

"About six o'clock that afternoon I happened to be on Broadway near the Home Kitchen. You know the dive

where the Bohemian life is not that of a cheap restaurant, and a man may be seen to go in without injury to his reputation. When the waiter who took him left he knew there would. I went there, however, because they have an orchestra. It was that the words pronounced by that Bohemian bear above the same relation to mine that their pronouncements to a while man's proper food, and yet, nevertheless, I got out of meals hungry, and if I can't get what is good I'll take any old thing that is lying around."

"The Home Kitchen is a place specially designed to offend the instincts of government. In this building nothing we do not, as a rule, overrule the common sense of the community and government. That is what it does in the name of art. You enter the place with a smile, however grim, and you leave it with a smile, however grim, a boy more or less than you were, a man which to look at you would consider himself a wise man."

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take each on the other side." It doesn't make any difference which side you select, you always meet that sign. You come to the other side, and another usher says "Seat this way, sir." He leads you away from all desirable places, and endeavor to get you in a far corner at a table with a woman and two small children. You naturally object, and wander away by yourself to some unoccupied table. Then the usher gets square by bringing the most disagreeable trump he can find, and placing him opposite you.

"Then you get into trouble about the ticket which the boy gave you. Of course, you hadn't an idea that it was of any use, and probably you threw it away. Your usher and two or three others stand round minutes looking for it, and they lead on your hunting your pockets inside out half a dozen times to make sure that it isn't concealed in your clothing. By and by the usher comes to you with tears in his eyes, and says that if the ticket can't be found it will be deducted from his salary. He informs you that the tickets have figures on them, and that every occurrence during your stay must be recorded with a punch. The usher can't get anything out of the kitchen without having his name punched out of the ticket, and the usher can't get out of the place without presenting it at the desk. So it begins to look as if you'd have to find that ticket or stay there and starve.

"I got all those points from my usher the first time I visited the Home Kitchen. He says they use so many precautions to prevent the waiters from cheating the proprietor that it is nearly impossible to remain honest. Let a man find himself confronted every minute with evidence that his employer thinks him a thief, and the water, and he must either steal or go crazy. I asked him which alternative he had chosen, and he replied that he stole a wooden toothpick every day in order not to contradict his boss' opinion.

"My modest dinner was before me when I saw the usher approaching with a lady in tow. By Jove, it was Miss Robinson. I shrank into the smallest possible compass and concealed what was left of me behind a newspaper. I knew that the usher would take her into a remote corner if he could, and I waited in concealment till he had had time to do it. Then I cautiously peeped out just in time to catch Miss Robinson's eye, as she seated herself opposite me.

"There was scarcely any use in trying to get out of this scrape. The damning evidence of my accessories

was all there. I was a dead man. I dined with Miss Robinson last evening," said the Bohemian. You know her, I suppose?"

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A Pennsylvania Who Could Throw Stones with Marvellously Accurate Aim.

It is supposed that we have no more novelties who could compare on even terms with the old archers. A man named Uri Bailey recently died in Pennsylvania who was worthy of a place with the old-time archers.

His skill in throwing stones was said to be marvellous. He was mentally deficient, but a giant physically. It is said that he could throw at any mark or game as accurately as that of the most skillful master of the rifle. He usually targeted scores of small game, pheasants, rabbits, quails and squirrels which he killed with stones.

He could kill a bird on the wing or a rabbit at full speed almost as easily as he could kill a rat.

He had a large leather pouch attached to one side of his coat, in which he on all occasions carried a good supply of carefully selected stones. An exhibition of his skill which was always a feature with him was to set up a mythic male, edge toward him, and at the distance of one hundred feet cut apples in halves by throwing them against the side of the male. He could almost certainly have cut out of forty three apples for three.

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now. We do not, see that this is more difficult than splitting the apple on the way the blade.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago, Feb. 6.

Flour—Crate Spring Wheat Patented, \$1.25 per bushel. Winter Wheat Flour Patented, \$1.00 per bushel; straight, \$1.00 per bushel.

Wheat—Hooded and higher. No. 2 cash and forward, November, May, \$1.00 per bushel.

Cash Wheat, active, November, \$1.00 per bushel.

No. 2 Yellow, active, November, \$1.00 per bushel.

May, \$1.00 per bushel.

Oats—Higher. No. 2 cash, \$1.00 per bushel.

May, \$1.00 per bushel.

Barley—Crate, \$1.00 per bushel.

May, \$1.00 per bushel.

Coarse Flour—Crate, \$1.00 per bushel.

May, \$1.00 per bushel.

Meal—Crate, \$1.00 per bushel.

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